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THE

RECRUITING SERJEANT,

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE

ROYALTY-THEATRE,

WELLCLOSE-SQUARE.

L O N D O N :

Printed by H. D. STEEL, No. 51, LOTHBURY,
For J. GRIFFITHS, PROMPTER.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

Dramatis Personæ.

SERGEANT, Mr. Bannister.

COUNTRYMAN, Mr. W. Palmer

WIFE, Miss Burnett.

MOTHER, Mrs. Burnett.

SCENE A COUNTRY PLACE.

L O N D O N

Printed by H. D. Street, No. 21, Cornhill.

For J. GRIFFITHS, PROMPTER.

MDCCLXXXII

RECRUITING SERJEANT

THE

Recruiting Serjeant.

Scene, the View of a Village, with a Bridge: on one Side, near the Front, a Cottage; on the other, at the Foot of the Bridge, an Ale-house. When the Curtain rises, two Light-horse Men, supposed to be on their march, are discovered, sitting at the Ale-house Door, with their Arms against the Wall; their Horses at some distance. The Serjeant then passes with his Party over the Bridge; Drums and Fifes playing; and afterwards the Countryman, his Wife, and his Mother, come out from the Cottage.

QUARTETTO.

SERJEANT.

ALL gallant lads, who know no fears,
To the drum-head repair:
To serve the king for volunteers,
Speak you, my boys, that dare.
Come, who'll be a grenadier?
The lifting-money down,
Is three guineas, and a crown,
To be spent in punch, or beer.

B

COUNTRY-

2 RECRUITING SERJEANT.

COUNTRYMAN.

Adds flesh, I'll go with him.

MOTHER.

Oh no.

WIFE.

Dear Joe.

COUNTRYMAN.

Adds flesh, I'll go with him.

A 2.

Oh no!

COUNTRYMAN.

Adds flesh, but I will:

So hold your tongues still,

Nor mother, nor wife,

Thof they strive for their life,

Shall baulk't; an my fancy be so.

SERJEANT.

Come beat away a Royal March.

Rub, rub, rub a dub;

Rub, rub, rub a dub;

Of no poltroons I come in search,

Who cowardly sneak;

When the tongues of war speak:

But of noble souls, who death dare stand,

Against the foes of Old England.

RECRUITING SERJEANTS 3

COUNTRYMAN.

I'll be a soldier, so that's flat.

A. 2.

You won't, you won't.

COUNTRYMAN.

I'll be dead, an I don't;
What would the teasing roads be at,

MOTHER.

You graceless rogue,

Is your heart a stone?

WIFE.

I'm flesh of your flesh,

And bone of your bone.

COUNTRYMAN.

Zounds, let me alone.

SERJEANT.

Drums strike up a flourish, and follow me now

All honest hearts and clever;

Free quarrers and beer at the sign of the Plow:

Huzza! King George for ever.

B 2 SCENE

4 RECRUITING SERJEANT

S C E N E II.

*The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother, the Wife;
some of the Party go into the Ale-house with the Light-
horse Men.*

COUNTRYMAN.

Hip, Measter Serjeant.

WIFE.

Go, yourself destroy.

SERJEANT.

What says my cock!

COUNTRYMAN.

Mayhop I wants employ.

A lad about my soize, though, wou'd na' do.

SERJEANT.

Ay, for a colonel.

COUNTRYMAN.

And a captain too!

SERJEANT.

For both or either.

COUNTRYMAN.

But, I doubts, d'ye see.

Such pleaces are na' for the loikes o'me.

SERJEANT.

RECRUITING SERJEANT.

SERJEANT.

Lift for a soldier, first, ne'er fear the rest:

This guinea —

MOTHER.

Joe, his cursed gold detest.

Art not ashamed, an honest man to 'tice?

The king should know it.

COUNTRYMAN.

Who wants yowr advice?

A I R.

MOTHER.

Out upon thee, wicked locust,

Worse in country nor a plague;

Men by thee are hocust, pocust,

Into danger and fatigue:

And the Justices outbear thee

In thy tricks, but I don't fear thee,

No, nor those that with thee league.

My son has enough at home,

He needs not for bread to roam;

Already

4 RECRUITING SERJEANTS

Already his pay,
s twelve-pence a day,

His honest labour's fruits,

Then get thee a trudging quick,

For gad, if I take a stick,

I'll make thee repent,

When here thee wert sent,

A drumming for recruits.

COHENSTON

Who waits your advice?

A I K



Our upon thee, wicked locust,

Worse in company nor a plague;

Men by thee are hoary, poor,

Into danger and fatigue;

And the justices outbeat thee

In thy tricks, but I don't beat thee

No, nor those that with thee league.

My son has enough at home,

He needs not for bread to roam;

Already

SCENE

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 7

SCENE III.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Wife, the Mother going into the Cottage, returns with three little Children.

COUNTRYMAN.

Then won't you go, and let a body be?

SERJEANT.

Zounds, is the woman mad?

MOTHER.

Dawn't swear at me.

WIFE.

Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee, tell me, do:
Three babes we have, I work for them, and you;
You work for us, and both together earn,
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.
But, if a soldiering you're bent to roam,
We all shall shortly to the parish come;
And the church-wardens, no one to befriend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us,
Thee know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd,
Bill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly starv'd.

AIR.

RECRUITING SERJEANT

A. I. R.

Oh could you bear to view,
Your little Tom and Sue;
Ta'en up by cross o'ersceers:

And think that helpless I

To give them, when they cry,
Have nothing but my tears?

You cannot have the heart,
With them and me to part,

For folks, you know not what
With richer friends than we,
And prouder you may be;
But none will prove so true.

* Taking a Boy and Girl, one in each Hand.

W I F E.

Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee, tell me, do:
Three babes we have, I work for them, and you;
You work for us, and both together earn;
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn?
But, if a soldiering you're bent to roam,
We'll all shortly to the parish come;
And the church-wardens, no one to defend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us.
Thou know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd;
Thou, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly serv'd.

A. I. R.

SCENE

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 9

SCENE IV.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother.

SERJEANT.

Comrade, your hand: I love a lad of soul; and all
Your name, to enter on my muster roll;
To Justice Swear'em, then, to take our oath:

COUNTRYMAN.

Hold, Serjeant, hold, there's time enough for both.
If I've a moind to list, I'll list, d'ye see;
But some discourse first, betwixt yow and me.
A souldier's life——

SERJEANT.

The finest life that goes;
Free quarters ev'ry where——

COUNTRYMAN.

Ay, that we knows.

SERJEANT.

Then wenches!

COUNTRYMAN.

You've free quarters, too, with they;
Girls love the red-coats——
C SERJEANT.

to RECRUITING SERJEANT

SERJEANT.

Gad, and well they may.

COUNTRYMAN.

But when to foreign wars your men resort
Fighting—a battle—

SERJEANT.

'Tis the rarest sport.

COUNTRYMAN.

Tell us a little about that.

SERJEANT.

I will.

WIFE.

Don't listen to him, Joe!

COUNTRYMAN.

Do you be still.

A I R.

SERJEANT.

What a charming thing's a battle!

Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;

Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle.

Ev'ry heart with joy elating.

With what pleasure are we spying,

From the front and from the rear,

Round!

RECRUITING SERJEANT. II.

Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets, flying!

Then the groans of soldiers dying;

Just like sparrows, as it were,

At each pop,

Hundreds drop;

While the muskets prattle prattle:

Kill'd and wounded,

Lie confounded:

What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleasant joke of all,

Is when to close attack we fall;

Like mad bulls each other butting,

Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;

Horse and foot,

All go to't,

Kill's the word, both men and cattle;

Then to plunder:

Blood and thunder,

What a charming thing's a battle!

SCENE

12 RECRUITING SERJEANT.

Round us in the smoky air,
Horns, and limbs, and bullets, flying!



Just like sparrows, as it were,

S C E N E V.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother, and the Wife.

MOTHER.

Call you this charming? 'Tis the work of hell.

How do'st thou like it Joe?

COUNTRYMAN.

Why pretty well.

SERJEANT.

But pretty well! a battle!

COUNTRYMAN.

Why need there more be said?

But may'nt I happen too to lose my head?

SERJEANT.

Your head!

COUNTRYMAN.

Ay.

SERJEANT.

Let me see! your head, my buck!

COUNTRY-

RECRUITING SERJEANT 13

COUNTRYMAN.

A leg or arm too? I wish you
You've no need at present, I thank you, to say
; won't I, **SERJEANT.**
My stomach for battle's gone from me, I know
Not if you've good luck, When it comes back again,

COUNTRYMAN.

Good luck! With cudgel, or staff, as long as you will.

SERJEANT.

The chance of war is doubtful still; This fighting and its dangers
Soldiers must run the risk. On consideration, I've no objection,

COUNTRYMAN.

They may that will. And carry no arms but for tillage.

SERJEANT.

Why, how now, Joseph, sure you mean to jest.

COUNTRYMAN.

I have thought twice, and second thoughts are best.
Shew-folks with beasts to our village came, there may
And hung at door a picture of their game. But no plain
Bears, lions, tygers, there were four or five;
And all so like, you'd swear they were alive.
A gaping at the cloth, the man spied me,
For two-pence, friend, you may walk in, says he;
But, gad, I was more wise, and walked my way;
I saw so much for naught, I would not pay.
To see a battle thus, my mind was bent;
But you've so well described it, I'm content.

SERJEANT.

RECRUITING SERJEANT

A. I. R. 1000

Ay, ay, master Serjeant, I wish you good days;
You've no need at present, I thank you, to stay;
My stomach for battle's gone from me, I trow;
When it comes back again, I'll take care you shall
know.

With cudgel, or fist, as long as you list:
But as for this fighting,
Which some take delight in,
This flashing and smashing, with sword and with gun;
On consideration, I've no inclination,
To be the partaker of any such fun.
I'll e'en stay at home in my village,
And carry no arms but for tillage;
My wounds shall be made,
With the scythe or the spade,
If ever my blood should be shed.
A finger or so
Shou'd one wound, or a toe;

For such a disfigure
There may be a plaister;
But no plaister sticks on a head;
And all so like, you'd swear they were alive.
A gaping at the cloth, the man spied me,
For two pence, friend, you may walk in, says he;
But, gay, I was more wise, and walked my way;
I saw too much for naught, I would not pay.
To see a battle thus, my mind was bent;
But you've so well described it, I'm content.

SCENE

SERJEANT

RECRUITING SERJEANT 45



SCENE VI

The Countryman, the Wife, the Mother.

WIFE.

Then wilt thou stay, Joe?

MOTHER.

Wilt thee, boy of mine?

COUNTRYMAN.

Wife, give's the hand, and Mother give us thine.
Last night you dodg'd me to the alehouse, Jane;
I swore to be reveng'd—

WIFE.

I see it plain.

COUNTRYMAN.

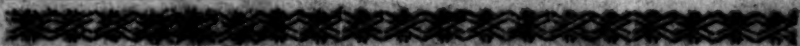
I swore to be reveng'd, and vow'd, in flout,
To lift ma, to be even with thee for't.
But kiss me, now my plaguy anger's o'er.

WIFE.

And I'll ne'er dodge thee to the ale-house more.

SCENE

16 RECRUITING SERJEANTS



SCENE THE LAST.

Here is introduced an Entertainment of Dancing, in the Characters of Light-Horse Men, Recruits, and Country Girls; after which the Serjeant comes out with a Drinking Glass in his Hand, followed by his Party to the Countryman, the Wife, and the Mother, who have been looking on the Dance.

SERJEANT.

Well, countryman, art off the lifting pint;
Yet, wilt thou beat a march?

WIFE.

Dear Joe! come in.

MOTHER.

Hang-dog be gone, and tempt my boy no more.

WIFE.

Do, Serjeant, pray now.

COUNTRYMAN.

Mother, Wife, give o'er.

I see the gentleman no harm intends.

SERJEANT.

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 17

SERJEANT.

I! Heav'n forbid; but let us part like friends.
We've got a bottle here of humming ale.
'Tis the King's health.

COUNTRYMAN.

And that I never fail.
Lord love, and bless him, he's an honest man.

SERJEANT.

Lads, where's your music?

COUNTRYMAN.

Nay, fill up the can.
We'll drink the Royal Family.

SERJEANT.

So do:
King, Queen, and all.

COUNTRYMAN.

And Jane shall drink them too.

A I R.

Here's a health to King George; peace and glory at-
tend him;
He's merciful, pious; he's prudent and just;
Long life, and a race like himself, Heav'n send him,
And humble the foes to his crown in the dust.

CHORUS

18. RECRUITING SERJEANT.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life ;
While each British heart,
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

W I F E.

Here's a health to the Queen ; gracious, mild, and en-
gaging,
Accomplish'd in all that a woman should own ;
The cares of her consort with softness asswaging,
Whose manners add splendor and grace to a throne.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life ;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

M O T H E R.

Here's a health to those beautiful babes, whom the
nation
Regards as a pledge from the fire it reveres ;
Heav'n shield the sweet plants from each rude visitation,
And rear them to fullness of virtue and years.

CHORUS

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :
 Let the ear-piercing fife
 To our measures give life ;
 While each British heart
 In the health bears a part,
 And joins the loyal strain.

S E R J E A N T.

Here's success to his Majesty's arms : ever glorious
 And great may they be, on the land and the main :
 As just is their cause, may they still prove victorious,
 And punish the rashness of France and of Spain.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :
 Let the ear-piercing fife
 To our measures give life ;
 While each British heart
 In the health bears a part,
 And joins the loyal strain.

F I N I S.

RECRUITING SERJEANT.

CHORUS.

Heart thumms, heart thumms,
Let the recruiting life
To our treasures give life,
While each British heart
In the heart beats a part,
And joins the loyal train.

SERJEANT.

Here's success to his Majesty's arms: ever glorious
And great may they be, on the land and the main;
As just their cause, may they still prove victorious,
And point the banners of France and of Spain.

CHORUS.

Heart thumms, heart thumms:
Let the recruiting life
To our treasures give life,
While each British heart
In the heart beats a part,
And joins the loyal train.

FINIS.